

John Prine

"You Never Can Tell"

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It was a teenage wedding
And the old folks wished 'em well
You could see that pierre
Did truly love the mademoiselle.
And the young monsieur and madame
Have rung the chapel bell,
"c'est la vie,"
-say the old folks
It goes to show that you never can tell

They furnished off an apartment
With a two room roebuck sale
The coolerator was filled
With t.v. dinners and ginger ale
But when pierre found work,
The little money comin' worked out well
"c'est la vie,"
-say the old folks
It goes to show that you never can tell

They had a hi-fi phono
Boy, did they let it blast
Seven hundred little records
All rock, rhythm and jazz
But when the sun went down
The rapid tempo of the music fell

"c'est la vie,"
-say the old folks
It goes to show that you never can tell

They bought a souped up jitney
'twas a cherry in fifty-three
They drove it down to new orleans
To celebrate their anniversary.
It was there where pierre was wedded
To the lovely mademoiselle,
"c'est la vie,"
-say the old folks
It goes to show that you never can tell

It was a teenage wedding

And the old folks wished 'em well
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Did truly love the mademoiselle.
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